

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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UNCLE WIGGILY AND SAMMIE'S READER.

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BY HOWARD GARIS.

"Uncle Wiggily, will you have time to take Baby Bunt to school in your auto this morning?" asked Nurse Jane Fussy. "Why, of course," answered the rabbit gentleman. "And I hope this time, Baby Bunt, you won't have a puncture in one of our tires, and have to blow a Szeck head over heels with the air pump."

"I hope so, too," said Baby Bunt, with a laugh, as she thought of what had happened the day before when she and Uncle Wiggily went after some pickling sugar.

Soon the little rabbit girl had her fur nicely brushed, and then with a sky-blue-plaid ribbon around her waist she hopped into Uncle Wiggily's auto and soon she was being ridden on her way to school.

It did not take very long for her to get there, and in the yard she saw many of the animal boys and girls.

Sue Little, another little bunny girl, was hopping up and down, real excited like.

"What's the matter, Sue?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, I'm so afraid my brother Sammie will be late!" said Sue.

"It is all time for the last bell to ring, and he isn't here yet. He didn't come with me as he couldn't find his reader book."

"Oh, if he is late teacher won't let him speak a piece this Friday?" said Sue.

"Huh!" chuckled Uncle Wiggily. "Friday, which is piece-speaking day, the speaker is I, and I could come late on a Friday, so I wouldn't have to speak a piece. I hate 'em!"

"Well, it will be too bad if Sammie is late," spoke Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, could you go back and get him in your auto?" asked Sue, anxiously.

"Why of course I could!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and his pink nose twinkled just like a wart on a nose.

So back he started through the woods. The rabbit gentleman had not ridden very far under the aldy trees before he saw Sammie Little, the rabbit boy, hopping slowly along. Sammie had a book in his hand but he did not look very happy.

"Hello, Sammie! Hop in and I'll ride you to school before the last bell rings," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, thank you, for the ride you're going to give me," spoke the rabbit boy. "But, really, I don't need much care whether I get to school today or not."

"Why, Sammie?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Whatever the matter is, are you afraid your teacher will make you speak a piece this Friday afternoon?"

"Oh, I know she'll make me speak a piece all right," Uncle Wiggily said.

"But that isn't what I'm afraid of. I don't know my reading lesson and that is why I don't want to go to school. I should have studied last night, but I played ball instead, and this morning I couldn't find my book and now I'm late."

"I see!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, jolly fashion. "Well, hop in, Sammie. We'll ride to some quiet place in the woods, and there I'll help you study your reading lesson. Then we'll hurry on to school, and I don't believe you'll be late."

"Oh, thank you!" said the rabbit boy. So into Uncle Wiggily's auto he hopped, and soon they were riding along under the greenwood trees. In a little while they were in a nice, shady grove, near a spring of cool, clear water.

"Now we'll have to go at that reading lesson," said the rabbit gentleman, as he took up Sammie's book. "Show me where it is."

"On page 14," said Sammie. "There's a lot of hard words in it."

Uncle Wiggily found the place in the book, and looked at it. Now while he was doing this, and while Sammie was waiting for his uncle to help him, out of the woods came sneaking the old wolf.

"Ah, ha!" said the wolf to himself, as he saw the old gentleman rabbit and the bunny boy in the auto. "Here is where I get a lot of souse!"

Slowly and slyly he crept closer and closer, and just then Uncle Wiggily began to read. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! And the bullets whizzed all over, and the lions and tigers and elephants and bears and wolves all ran for their lives. But still the hunter kept banging on his gun.

"Oh, dear me!" said the wolf when he heard this. "So they have a hunter with a bang-bang gun in that auto, have they? Well, this isn't my way for souse. I must go without!"

And very softly, so as not to let the brave hunter (as he called himself) see him, away ran the wolf and Uncle Wiggily and Sammie didn't even know he was there.

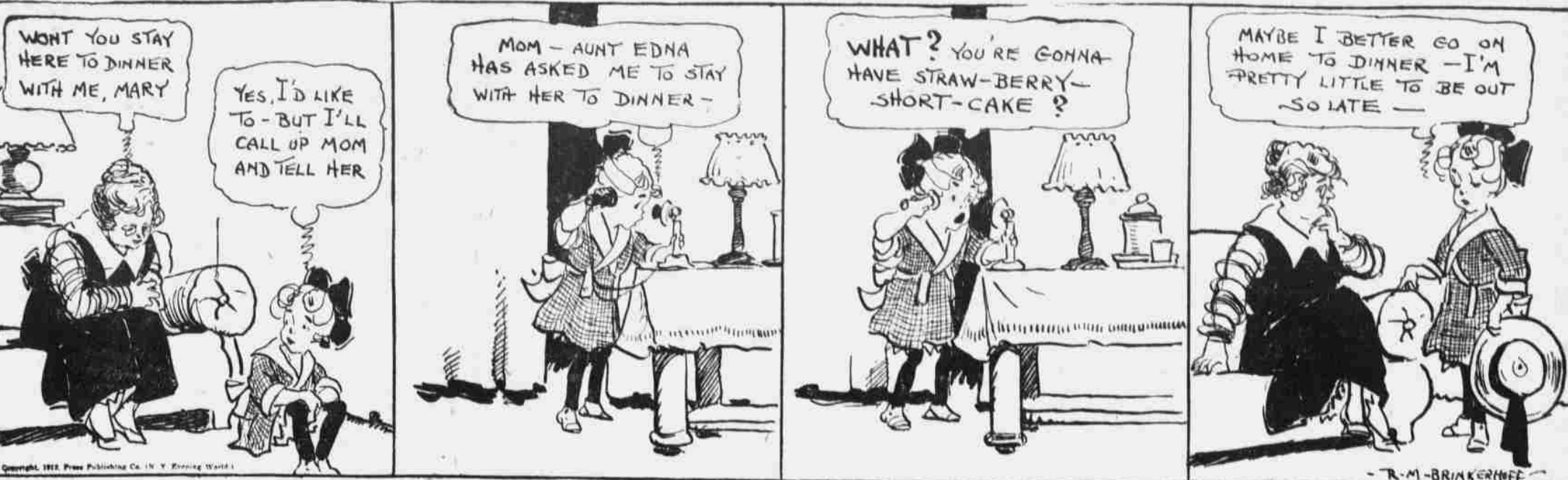
"That is a very easy reading lesson," Sammie said. Mr. Longears. "Now you try it."

So Sammie did, and he read very well. Then Uncle Wiggily took him to school, and Sammie wasn't late and he got up head in the reading class. But wasn't that wolf fooled, to think that the story of a hunter in a reading book was real? I think so.

And if the jolly cake doesn't hide in the bread box when it is trying to run away from the sugar cookie's little brother, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Sammie's spell.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Oh, Mary, Suppose You Missed Ice Cream at Auntie's!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Next Time Luke Will Try Wireless Phone!

